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FS Script-3
April 30, 1957

WHO ME?

(One-Act Safety Playlet)

PURDUE UNIVERSITY
Agricultural Extension Service
Lafayette, Indiana

WHO ME?

(Acting Time 12 Minutes)

Submitted by
Mrs. Roy Gabbard
Fairview Home Demonstration Club
Wayne County, Richmond, Indiana

CHARACTERS: JANE, PEG, VERA AND GRACE

PROPS: Sewing material (Something that needs buttons, embroidery work, articles to patch or darn, knitting, etc.) Purses, Clock, Coats, Hats or Head Scarves, Davenport, Chairs, Table, Lamp, Roller Skate.

TIME: Early Afternoon

PLACE: At Peg's Home (any room fixed to simulate a living room).

SCENE: Peg, Vera and Grace are sitting in the living room doing some form of needlework. The time by the clock is 1:55 p.m.

Grace: My family is always glad when our sewing club meets. That's the only time I enjoy sewing on buttons. Every wash day at least a half dozen buttons come up missing.

Peg: Oh, I think that's a job no one really likes. I feel the same way about patching. If it weren't for this little get-together, we sure would be ragged. (Knock at door. Peg arises and places her sewing on the table. She walks toward door.) That must be Jane. She's never on time. (Opens door.) Hi, Jane ----- come on in. (All look at Jane.)

Grace: Hello, Jane.

Vera: Hi, Kid.

Jane: (Not pleasantly) Hello.

Peg: (Takes Jane's coat and hat. Places them neatly on back of chair.) Lands sakes, Jane! Why are you looking so mad?

Grace: You really look out of sorts!

Jane: Girls, I'm so mad I could scream! I missed the 1 o'clock bus so I window shopped until time for the 1:30 bus. Then, don't you know, I would be in the middle of the block on the wrong side of the street when it got to the corner. But, that's not all

Vera: Sit here, Jane. (Pats seat beside her on davenport) (Jane and Peg sit down. Peg picks up her sewing)

Jane: Well, I started running catty-cornered across the street so I wouldn't miss that bus, too, and of all the horn honking and name calling you ever heard! I was called everything from "Jay-walker" to "Stupid Dame". You'd think they could see I was trying to catch that bus. Some people really have the nerve!

Vera: I know exactly what you mean because I've had that same experience.

Peg: So have I. That's a funny feeling to be dodging cars, jumping around in the middle of the street like a chicken with its head off. But you know, in some towns you can actually get fined for jay-walking.

Jane: Really, I'd be broke in no time. These city officials can think up more ways to make money.

Grace: (Shakes her head from side to side but does not look up.)

Vera: That's the truth if I ever heard it. Just listen to this: I wasn't going to tell it but I've changed my mind. (Places her sewing on her lap and moves to the edge of her seat.) Last Tuesday I had a 10:00 o'clock appointment at the beauty parlor and you know how hectic it is getting the children off to school and Jim to work. Well, by the time I got ready, it was a little late and I'll admit I was going 45 in a 30-mile zone -- or maybe I was doing 50 -- that doesn't matter -- but I ran a stop sign in that new school zone and, just my luck, some smart cops just happened to be cruising in that district and saw everything! Well ... (Big Sigh)

Jane: Oh, go on, Vera. Don't keep us in suspense!
(All but Grace are listening attentively. She continues to sew.)

Peg: Yes, what happened? Did you outrun them?

Vera: Not this time. They were too close for comfort. Here they came lickety-split with the siren screeching. I was Plenty scared! When I pulled over to the curb and this one cop got out, he was sort of a handsome fellow -- I put on the most innocent look I could, shaking like I was. He said, (she lowers voice) "Say, lady, can't you read? You going to a fire?" Asking all those silly questions! He took my drivers license and said, (lowers voice again) "And where's your glasses?" You girls know I can see perfectly without my glasses. I don't know why they put that on my license. Then he told me I was really in trouble. When I finally got a chance to get a word in, I explained why I was in such a hurry and that my glasses were right there in my purse and since I had children in school, I knew it had taken up. Besides, no one was coming in either direction. (Shakes head) Boy, it sure doesn't pay to talk nice to the cops in this town! --- they threw the book at me! (Counts them off on fingers) Speeding, running a stop sign, not wearing glasses--and to top it all, my license had expired last month!

Grace: (Looks up and speaks soberly) What did your husband have to say about all that?

Peg: I'll bet he was sore!

Vera: (Whistles) He was fit to be tied! You know, he's always so cautious. That's why I came in a taxi today. I'm almost afraid to drive again. Jim says I can stay home and fix my own hair from now on.

Jane: You sure did get yourself into a jam, Vera.

Vera: Yes, and I had to pay all that fine out of my own money, too!

Peg: Oh, you poor thing. Those fines are really stiff.

Grace: (Gets up, lays her sewing on the table and gets her coat.) I think I'd better go now, girls.
(All look at Grace.)

Vera: Well, what's the matter with you, Grace? You surely aren't going to leave now, are you?

Peg: (Stands up) We just got started. I've got your favorite pie for dessert.

Grace: I was hoping I could go without exploding but I might as well get it off my chest. (She puts coat on then turns toward the others.) It seems to me that grown women should have better sense. Jane, how can you act like it's the proper thing for you to go cutting across the street like you did? Seems to me it was just last summer your little niece was laid up with a broken leg just from doing that very thing! I wonder if you were her example! And you, Vera, just a few months ago you were complaining that your high school boy was taking drivers' training and in your own words, "It's so dangerous to drive these days. You just never know what the other fellow is going to do." Well, it's my opinion that you need a course in driving so you can live long enough to raise those nice children. And while I'm being so safety minded, Peg, I might as well tell you that when you took us to your attic to see that antique table your aunt gave you -- that was about 5 months ago when we met here the last time -- I noticed a big stack of magazines right by the chimney. Of course, that's none of my business, but after being safety leader of our Home Demonstration Club for a year, I'm a lot more conscious of things like that than I use to be. Well, I've had my say and you can all get angry if you want to, but I can't see any reason to sit around and listen to such nonsense. (She picks up her sewing and other belongings and leaves quickly.)

Jane: Well, for crying out loud! What's got into her?

Vera: Can you imagine Grace getting in such a huff? She's always been so even tempered.

Peg: (Looking thoughtful) You know, she is right about those magazines. Bill has told me time and again to get them out of the attic. That's a real fire trap. There certainly are a lot of other things I'd rather do. I just keep putting it off.

(Door opens and Grace places a roller skate on the floor just inside the door.)

Grace: Here's something else for you, Peg. I've never been here that there wasn't a skate or ball or something on your front steps. You could get sued if someone broke a leg. (Shuts door again)

Peg: (Sits down) I've told Susie about leaving her toys on those steps. A person just can't watch them every minute.

Jane: (Frowning) I'd sure hate to lose Grace's friendship over something as foolish as this, and we'll have to admit, we were pretty silly. I've known Grace for years and she's usually right about things. It might be a good idea if we got fined for jay-walking in this town. I should have thought about my little niece when I started across the street this afternoon.

Vera: I've got a good idea. Let's put away our sewing and go over and apologize to Grace, and we can all come back here and help Peg clean up her attic.

Peg: Good, let's do! (Get coats on) We'll go in my car and drive carefully. (All laugh.)

Jane: You'd better after what we've been through this afternoon. (There is a knock at the door just as they start toward it. Peg opens the door. Grace stands outside guiltily.)

Peg: Well, Grace, we're so glad you came back. Come in. We were just on our way to apologize to you.

Grace: (Steps inside) I'm sorry I blew up, girls. I guess we all do careless things at one time or another.

Jane: We just knew you'd forgive us, Grace. You were right about us and I believe you've made us see how wrong we were. (Jokingly holds up right hand) I, for one, promise solemnly never to jay-walk again! (All laugh.)

Vera: Seriously, Grace, we're going to put on some of Peg's old clothes and help her clean her attic. How about it?

Grace: Sure, I'll help but first I had better tell you what I just did. I parked behind your car, Peg, and our bumpers are locked. (Grins sheepishly.) Guess I forgot to put the brake on.

Jane: (Shaking her finger at Grace) Now you're like the rest of us. You'll know better the next time!

Peg: Since we've got our coats on, let's go out and help Grace get her bumper loose, then we'll come back in and eat that pecan pie I baked this morning.

(All exit.)

THE END

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